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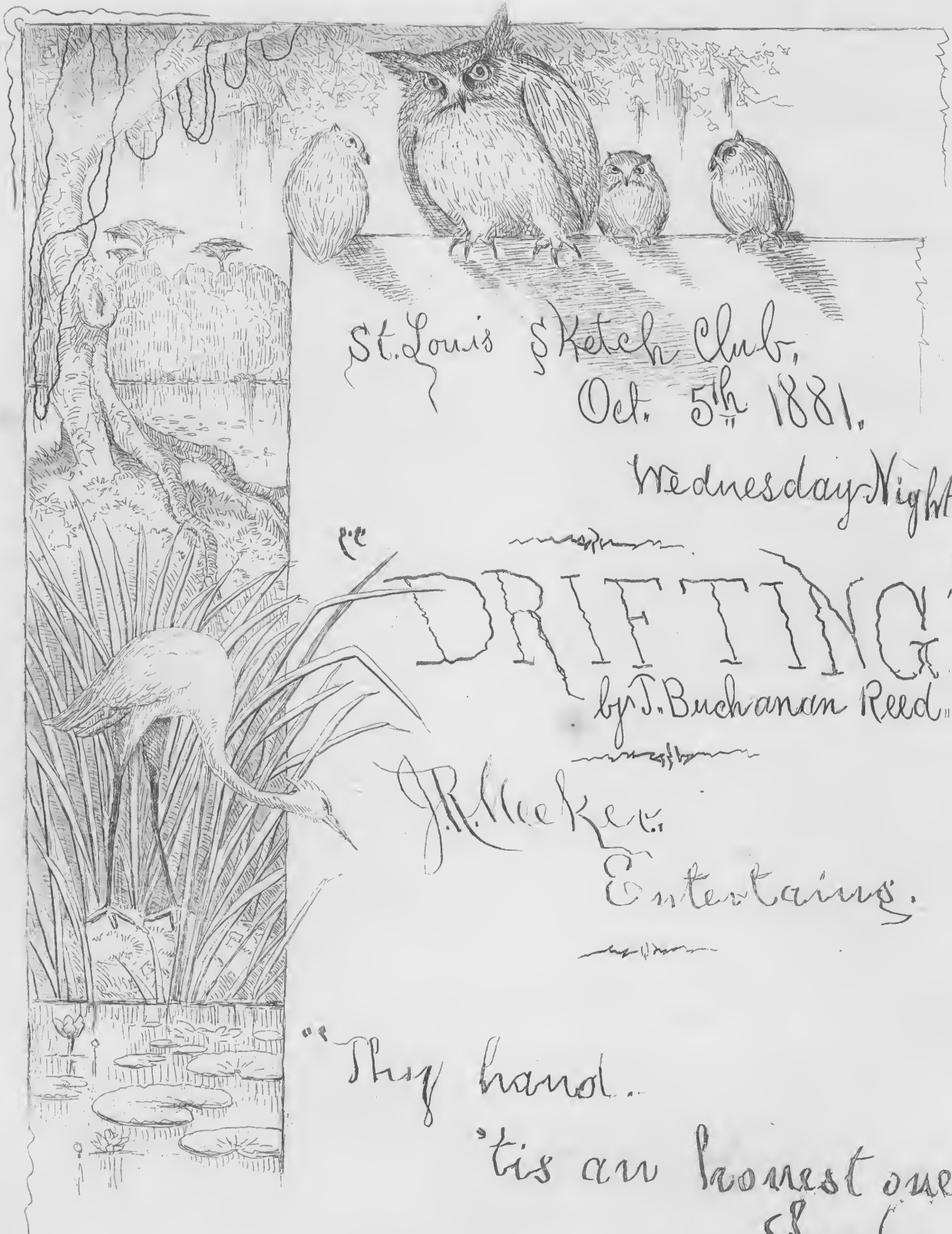
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St. Louis Sketch Club,
Oct. 5th 1881.

Wednesday Night.

DRAFTING

by T. Buchanan Reed

J. R. Meeker

Entertains.

"Thy hand..

'tis an honest one"
shake



VENICE.

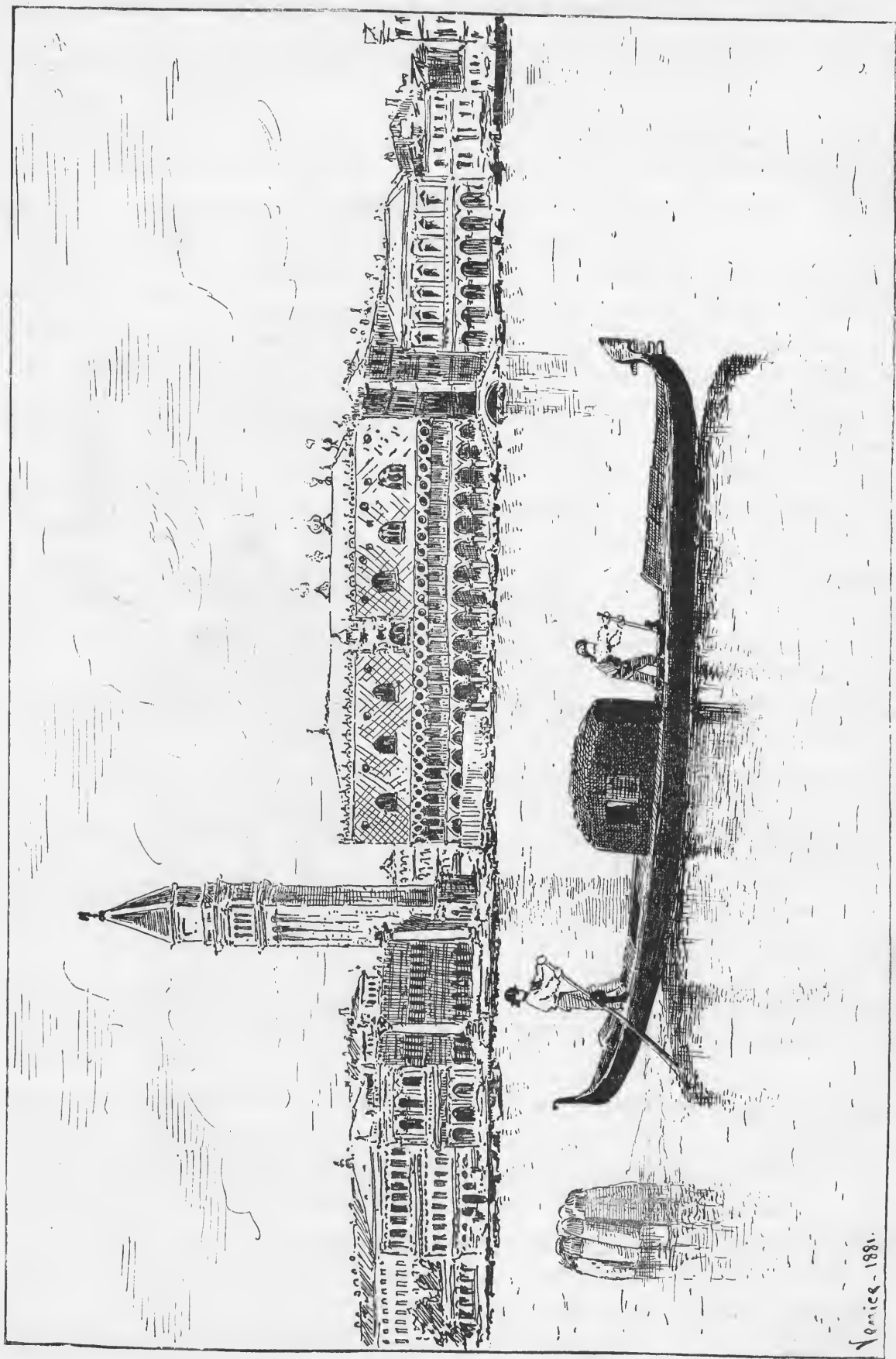


AFTER the fatigue and discomfort incident to a summer tour through northern Italy, particularly the melting heat of Florence, environed, as it is, by hills which prevent a circulation of the air, and render it the most uncomfortable city during the summer in Italy, excepting Rome, the atmosphere and aspect of Venice is peculiarly grateful to the traveler. Here there is no dust, as there are no vehicles traversing the streets to create it. There is not a horse in Venice, and thousands of people are said to have lived and died here without ever having seen that most useful and common of all domestic animals. At the Lido, a few miles distant across the bay, they have omnibuses drawn by horses, but in Venice, when the traveler arrives at the railway station, he is shown to an omnibus, not on wheels, but resting on the water as lightly as a bird. He takes his seat and two stout gondoliers standing erect propel the boat with great velocity and astonishing accuracy. They will dart under bridges, pass between other boats, and at the moment you expect a collision, with possibly a ducking, they will turn the bow aside and come in contact with nothing. The gondoliers are good natured fellows, and as they turn the sharp angles in the smaller canals, shout good naturedly to one another, *gèa é*, (boat ahead) *preme*, (pass to the right,) or *stàli*, (pass to the left), etc.

The miles of splendid palaces bordering upon the Grand Canal, many of them as exquisite in detail as the finest tracery work of the jeweler, with soft and melting tones of color, supremely beautiful in their decay, tell of the proud position once held by Venice and of its mournful decline. But however much it may have fallen commercially, yet to the artist it is, and must always remain, one of the most delightful resorts upon the globe. Those who know it only through the hot and golden atmosphere of Ziem, the green reflections and labored detail of Canaletto, or the white metallic glare of Rico, will find on visiting Venice how differently the world appears to different eyes. The secret of the sameness to be found in the

works of artists is, they sometimes produce a happy effect, which pleases the public, and if they care more for financial success than for interpreting nature in her various moods they reproduce themselves indefinitely. An amusing incident occurred in Venice a while ago. An American artist who has been quite successful in pleasing the people with his Venetian scenes, was painting out of doors one day, as was his custom. A stranger strolled along to where his easel was placed and said something complimentary of his work. The American replied with becoming modesty, that his pictures were nothing, as there was but one man who had ever painted Venice and that was Ziem; but, he added, "he never painted but one good picture of this subject, and that is in the Luxembourg, in Paris; all his others are absolutely valueless, merely insipid copies of a successful effect." The stranger touched his hat, and handed the American a card, remarking that he himself was interested in art, and should the young artist visit Paris, he hoped to be honored with a call. After he had walked away the American looked at the card and found that he had been addressing Ziem himself. It is said that instead of causing ill feeling, the pungent criticism was the means of forming a lasting friendship between the two painters.

The first object of interest to the traveler, after a general glance over the city, is the famous Church of St. Mark. The ingenuity of man has exhausted itself in the ornamentation of this wonderful structure. Not a square inch of its surface but is a beautiful expression of art. The mosaics cover an area of 45,790 square feet, and the little cubes of stone, scarcely an inch in diameter, are formed into colossal pictures of various religious subjects. The entire floor, covering acres of ground, is of mosaic, and has been worn deep by the tread of succeeding generations. Its surface is covered with gentle undulations, as the foundations upon which it was laid have settled with the lapse of ages. Unfortunately they are restoring the old frescoes and relaying the pavement, and when completed much of the picturesqueness of age will have been destroyed. Over the principal portal are the four gilt bronze horses which once adorned the triumphal arch of Nero, and afterwards that of Trajan. Constantine caused them to be conveyed to Constantinople, and the Doge Dandolo brought them to Venice in 1204. In 1797 Napoleon carried them to Paris and placed them upon the summit of the triumphal arch in the Place du Carrousel. In 1815 the Emperor Francis brought them back to Venice and restored them to their original positions. There are galleries supported by arches in the interior of the church, and from there a fine view of the interior of the edifice may be had. Behind the magnificent altar are four spiral columns of alabaster, two of which are semi-transparent, and are said to have once belonged to Solomon's Temple. The Treasury contains many precious relics, among which is a crystal vase containing the blood of the Saviour, a fragment of the true cross, a portion of the skull of St. John and many other curiosities, venerated according to the religious bias of the spectator. The old sacristan who acted as guide, was instantly recognised from his figure having been introduced in pictures of detailed portions of the church.

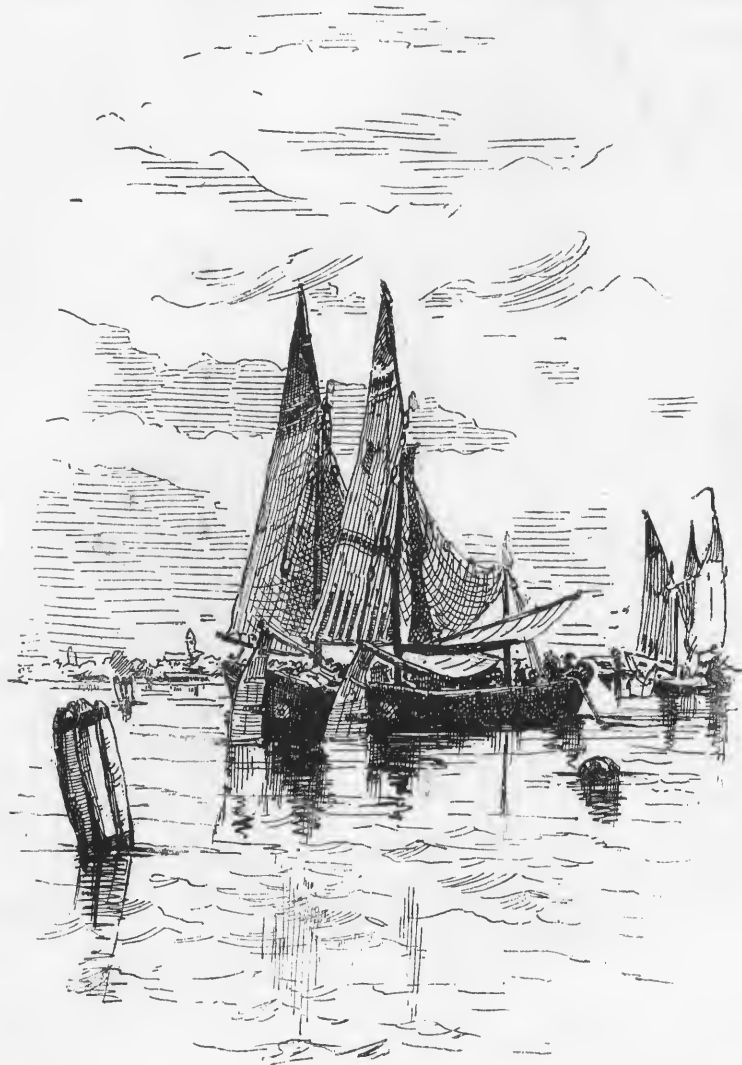


Venice - 1881.

VIEW ON GRAND CANAL.
PHOTOTYPIC FAC-SIMILE OF AN ORIGINAL PEN-AND-INK SKETCH BY WILL S. EAMES.

Facing the Church of St. Mark is the Piazza San Marco, a beautiful square 505 feet long and enclosed on three sides by arcades. In this square, near the Royal Palace, stands the famous campanile, or clock tower. Its construction was begun in the year 888 and was continued during more than two hundred and fifty years. The belfry was destroyed by lightning in 1489 and was restored in marble in 1510. There are really two towers, one enclosed within the altar, with a space

of six feet intervening between the two. The ascent is made by means of a series of easy inclined planes to the open belfry, from which a view of the city, its canals, palaces, churches, and lagoons may be seen, presenting a panorama of enchanting beauty. Within the arcades facing the Piazza are shops for the sale of jewelry, photographs, Venetian glass and the many beautiful articles fabricated by the Venetians. Here are also many cafés, with tables on the pavement as in Paris, where one may take his coffee and see the passing throngs. The space enclosed by the columns forming these arcades is perhaps twenty feet wide, and it is the fashionable promenade. Thousands of tastefully-dressed, dark-eyed women pass leisurely along and as many of the sterner sex are there to admire them. Here you may see people from all nations and countries. The



VENETIAN FISHING BOATS.

PHOTOTYPIC FAC-SIMILE OF AN ORIGINAL PEN-AND-INK SKETCH BY WILL S. EAMES.

Americans and natives of Northern Europe are easily distinguished from the swarthy complexioned natives. Although the prices of nearly all articles exposed for sale are more reasonable than those in any other place I have seen in Europe, yet one must have his wits about him, as they instantly recognize a foreigner, and generally add a large percentage to the price demanded. If you offer them much less it is likely they will decline to take it, but if you move onward with the remark "*non volete?*" (then you will not?) they will generally accede to your terms. The people of Venice, reared amid the æsthetic influences of their matchless city, breathing its delicious

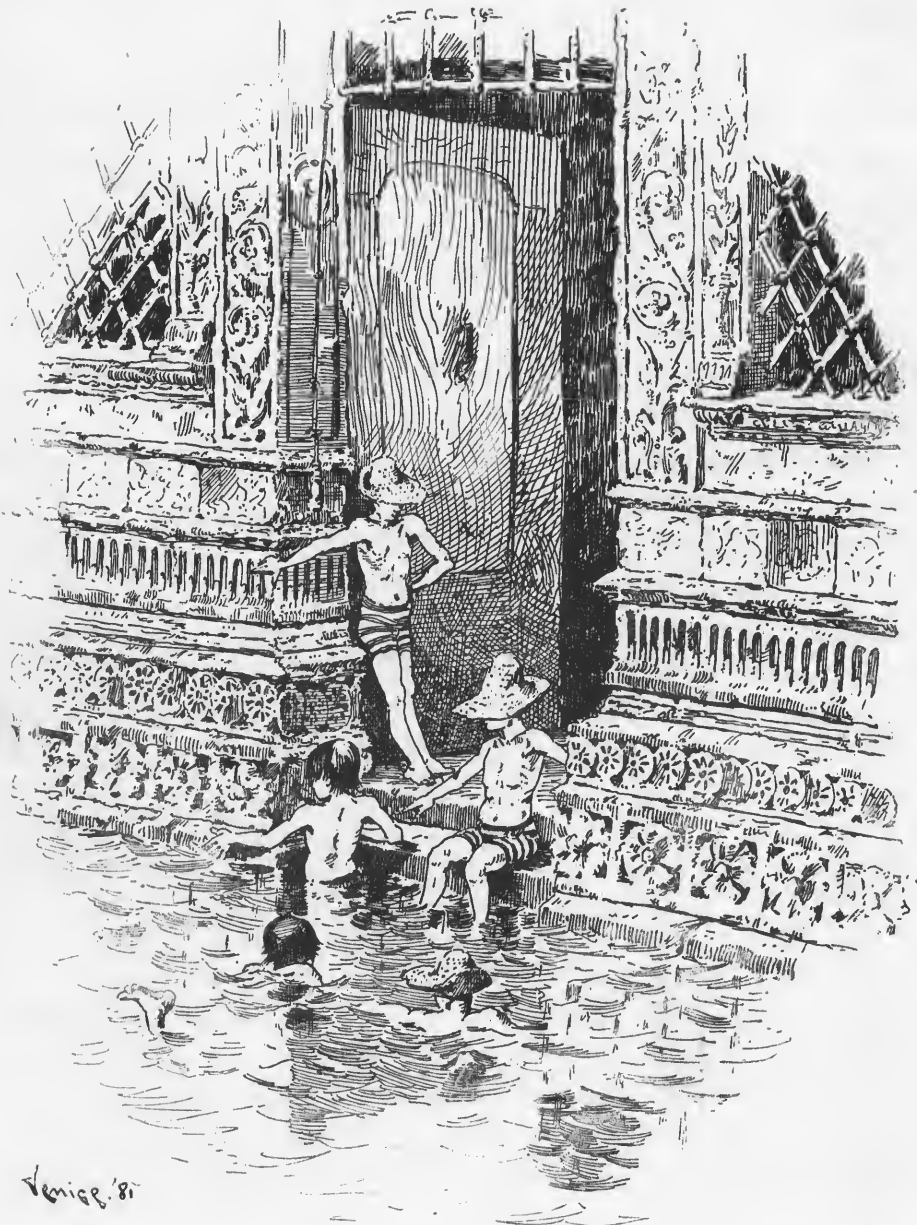
atmosphere, seeing nothing in architecture but that which is beautified by genius, softened, blended and made delicious by the lapse of time, give evidences of their surroundings in their dress, in the predominance of bright tones, and the picturesqueness of their commonest articles of use. Even the fishing boats, as they skim the green waters of the lagoons, seem fashioned to harmonize with the beauty with which they are surrounded. The sails are painted fantastically in warm tones of darkly blending red and yellow; not with stiff regularity, but as though each had been designed by an artist expressly to be introduced into a picture. The scene from the beach of the Lido at evening, when the sun lights the undulating surface of the Adriatic, and tips the distant sails with golden light, is beautiful beyond my powers of description. One involuntarily exclaims: "This cannot be real, it must be a dream of the enchanted isles." A deep peace rests upon beautiful Venice, a silence which is restful and languid. You hear the gondoliers' cries, the songs of the children, the softened tones of the street musician, the bells of the churches, but they all blend in delicious harmony. The struggle and bustle of life seem to have no existence here. Sleep comes gratefully. You awake with the feeling of the sluggard,

"a little more sleep, a little more slumber," and drowse away again until the sun is high and the palaces along the quay are dazzling with its rays. At night you are transported to fairy land. The entire population is upon the streets, and upon the water. Thousands of lamps cast their reflections like columns of blazing fire into the rippling surface of the water. Gondolas, black and formed like grace itself, skim the surface. The bridges rise like arches of alabaster over the lesser canals, and beyond them lie deep gorges of darkness. The black shadows bring out in broad and bold relief the grotesque carvings which ornament the palaces. The people are promenading or sitting around tables placed upon the pavements, sipping their coffee



*View from
Royal Gardens*

PHOTOTYPIC FAC-SIMILE OF AN ORIGINAL PEN-AND-INK SKETCH BY WILL S. EAMES.



BOYS BATHING IN THE RIOCTO.

PHOTOTYPIC FAC-SIMILE OF AN ORIGINAL PEN-AND-INK SKETCH BY WILL S. EAMES.

or drinking the light wines of the country, or more likely drinking the delicious beer of Germany. Mingling with the throng, as though to give brilliancy to the effect, are the bright uniforms of the Italian officers, with a rich profusion of gold braid, their white caps and polished sabres harmonizing with the general effect. Crowds constantly are ascending and descending the bridges built of marble. Their movements the very rhythm of motion. Looking from my window as I write, across the placid water toward the Iola Di San Giorgio Maggiore, and to the left toward the Lido, the water presents a beautiful appearance. It is high tide and the portions which at low tide are barren wastes of sand are covered, and the sea is like a beautiful mosaic set with purple and green. Over the shallows the color is of the most delicate pink changing to purple, while the channels are of the lightest green, the rippling surface catching the mellow sunlight. The roadways for vessels are marked by clusters of posts set deep into the sand and bound together with massive chains, brown and corroded with age. From these at night lamps are suspended to mark the pathway of those who go by sea. The channels are deep enough to float the largest vessels, and here lies at anchor a huge Italian man-of-war, while not a hundred yards distant men are wading in water not up to their knees, gathering sea-weed.

As the sun is high and the light reflected from the water against the palaces along the mole is very intense, we beckon to a gondolier who brings his craft, with a bright colored canopy to shelter the voyager, alongside the marble steps which lead down to and beneath the water's edge, and direct him to the Academy of Fine Arts. With the easy swaying motion peculiar to this most delightful mode of propulsion, we pass the Ducal Palace and the stately edifices along the Grand Canal to the iron bridge,

and as the black prow swiftly turns to the left, we run alongside of the steps in front of the massive gate of the academy. There is always a slimy beggar, young or old, standing ready with unwelcome officiousness to hold the gondola fast while you alight, then piteously call for a copper. Over the gate at which you enter are three of the most interesting pieces of sculpture in Venice. They represent St. Leonard on the left, St. Christopher on the right, with the Madonna in the centre, under a simple gable, the sculpture itself placed in a rectangular panel. It was the first manifestation of a desire on the part of the Venetians to separate themselves from the Byzantine formalism. They are dated 1378 and 1379. It is the result of the movement led by Giotto, in Florence, fifty years before. As you ascend the winding stone stairway to the gallery, and enter the large room where hangs Titian's "Assumption," you are struck with the total dissimilarity between these pictures and those you are accustomed to find in the other galleries of Europe.



Lemonade Peddler - Venice '81

PHOTOTYPIC FAC-SIMILE OF AN ORIGINAL
PEN-AND-INK SKETCH BY WILL S. EAMES

They are very much larger, and as they were almost entirely painted for the decoration of churches, they are conceived in a larger manner. The Titians at Florence, and elsewhere, are mostly portraits and single figures, painted after the manner of easel pictures, but as these were designed for decorative purposes, they are broader, freer and better. For the first time we get a view of the whole of Titian's art. We drew our chairs before the great work by the Venetian master, and notwithstanding the fact that an antiquated copyist was working behind us, and mumbling and groaning to himself, possibly because the world had failed to recognize his work as it did that of the artist whose masterpiece he is caricaturing, we soon forget him and his troubles in the contemplation of the work. It is certainly a masterpiece in composition and color. The figures are as material and solid as though they were living, breathing beings. The Virgin stands upon the clouds, upborne by boy



PHOTOTYPIC FAC-SIMILE OF AN ORIGINAL
PEN-AND-INK SKETCH BY WILL S. EAMES.

angels, with as firm and perfectly balanced pose as though her feet rested upon the massive stones forming the pavement of Venice, where you scarcely walk a square without meeting women so familiar to you in type and features that you are puzzled to know where you met them before. It was not upon the streets, but in the galleries, not robed in the costumes of to-day, but with blue and crimson vestments, and surrounded by angels that you saw them. The models used by Titian, Raphael and all the Italian painters were types of the race and remain to-day precisely as they were three hundred years ago. The Virgin of Titian is a comely Italian woman, as she might have looked had she been carried heavenward in this manner. She has not the refinement of Raphael's Madonnas, the winning tenderness of Murillo's, nor does she express the deep religious fervor of the one in the first room you enter, by the old Venetian Vicar who painted the Crowning of the Virgin, in 1380. To him the Assumption was an actual occurrence, and he expressed his belief as he felt it. But Titian painted Madonnas because he was commissioned to do so, and not as an expression of religious devotion. As a work of art in color, composition and execution, it is one of the greatest in existence, and worth a journey here to see were there not the other paintings and the whole of charming Venice to see besides. Over the doors on either side of the Assumption, are two splendid works by Tintoretto, Adam and Eve, and The Death of Abel. At the end of the great room beyond, and fitting its forty feet of space from wall to wall, is Paul Veronese's enormous canvas, The Supper at the House of Simon. It strikes me as being great only in superficial area. There is a table stretched from one end to the other of the wide portico extending from one side of the room to the other. Behind it, facing the spectator, are the Saviour and his twelve

disciples. In front is a most incongruous medley of figures, dwarfs, soldiers and fat burgomeisters. The painter was summoned before the Sacred Tribunal for having introduced figures calculated to bring the subject into ridicule, and after a severe examination and defense of his work, he was sentenced to correct the fault at his own expense, and render the picture acceptable. But the authority of the Inquisition was held very lightly at Venice at this time, and Veronese did not make the change as directed and it stands to this day a work not worthy of his reputation.

Perhaps the next largest canvas in the academy is the Presentation of the Virgin, by Titian. There was scarcely a picture in the collection which interested me less. A very small Virgin is ascending a flight of very large steps, on top of which stands a High Priest of colossal stature. At the foot of the stairs is a motley crowd of people and in the foreground a repulsive old woman with a basket of eggs. The subject is commonplace, the composition unskillful and awkward, and there is nothing about the work to excite the slightest degree of enthusiasm. The Fisherman Presenting the Ring of St. Mark to the Doge, by Paris Bordone, is, without exception, the finest piece of coloring I have ever seen upon canvas. The light which fills the gorgeous palace is warm and mellow, as though filtered through windows of stained glass. The collection at the academy is more thoroughly local in character than any I have seen of the same extent, but the Venitians were great in art and the gallery possesses the greatest possible interest to the connoisseur.

W. R. HODGES.

SONNET.

—
TO A LADY IN DETROIT.
—

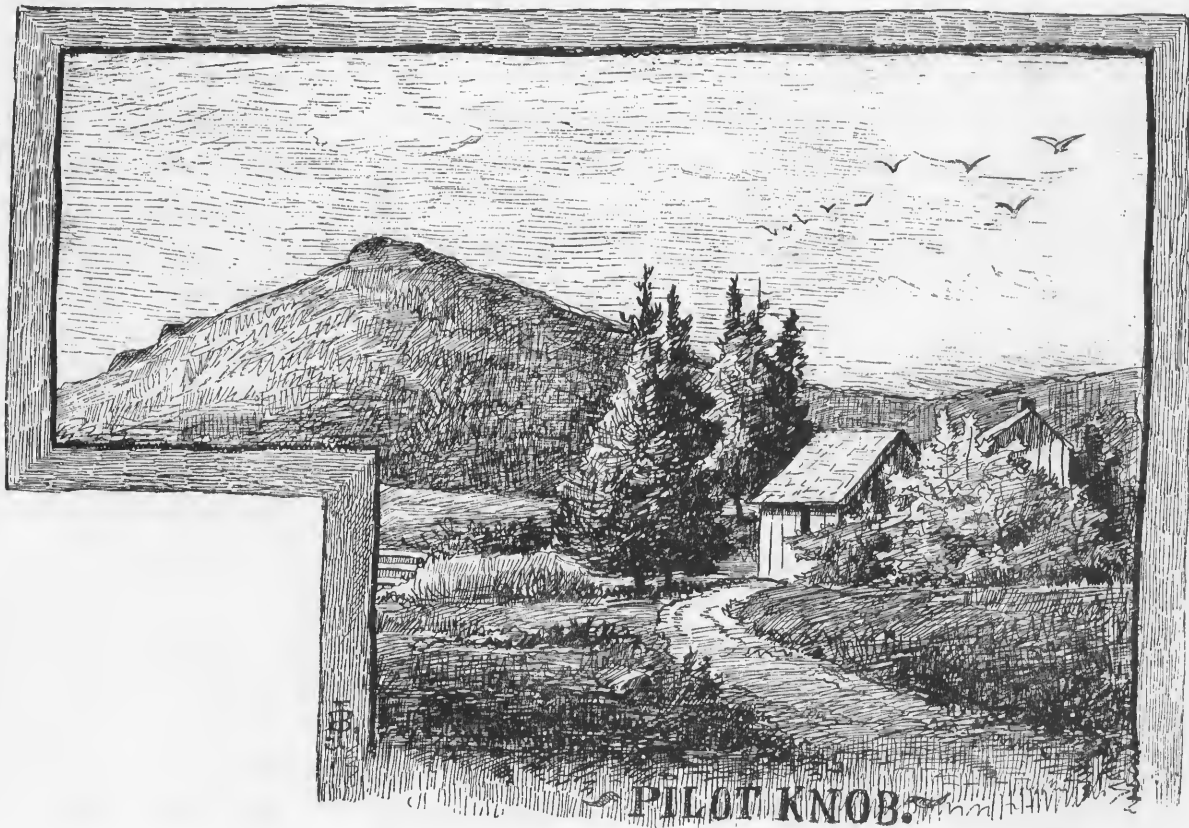
From where the fierce Missouri's tawny tide
Thick with the turbid spoils of ravished shores,
O'erwhelming gentle Mississippi, pours
Its seaward flood, this I to you beside
The clear, calm, changeless river's bosom wide.—
Sweet sister of my childhood's poet-friend,
Whom the gods loved too well long years to send,
Who, happier, ere manhood came had died,
Are not these streams, upon whose shores we stand,
Like our two lives? Heedless, unstable I,
Dragging to ruin forest, fold and land,
Dash like Missouri when the flood runs high.
The broader, deeper river, clear and true,
Sweet and unchanging is, I know, like you.

E. J. BIDDLE,

St. Louis, 1881.

ARTISTS IN ARCADIA.

IMAGINE a long and narrow valley, with green fields, clear streams and here and there the white walls of a cottage showing among the trees, the whole surrounded by forest-covered mountains, and you have the Arcadia Valley of Missouri, as it is seen from the summit of Pilot Knob, stretched out in panorama, the valley winding among the mountains until finally it is lost among them. To call it Arcadia is scarcely a misnomer, though it is something



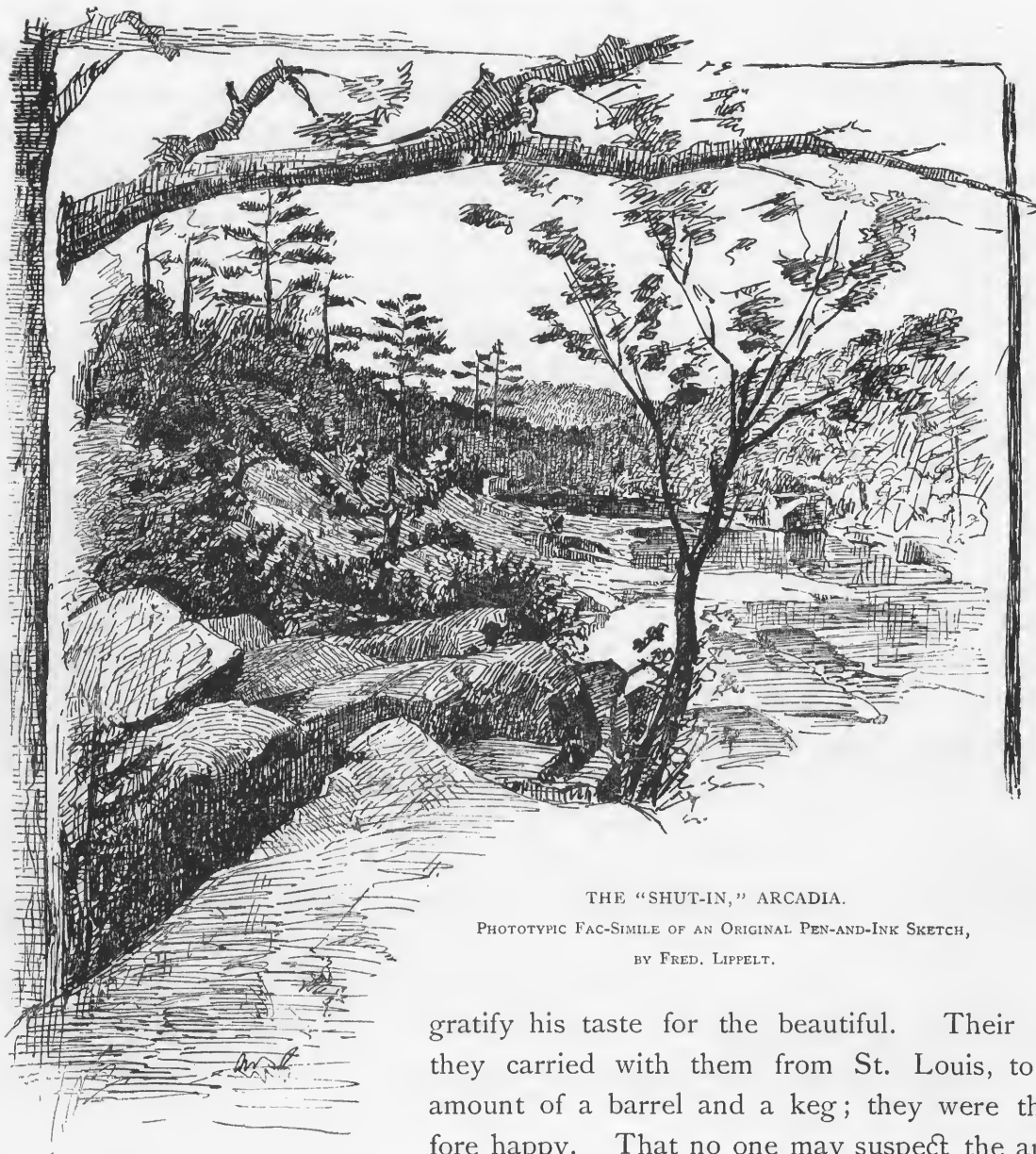
PHOTOTYPIC FAC-SIMILE OF AN ORIGINAL PEN-AND-INK SKETCH, BY J. M. BARNLEY.

of a strain, even on the most elastic imagination, to supply Phyllis and Damon, enjoying their courtship in the shade by the rocks "whence the prattling waters glide," while their sheep stray off to get themselves killed by the passing locomotives on the Iron Mountain railroad. But, leaving out the shepherds' crooks and oat-straw pipes, there is in this Arcadia, in summer, everything which made the other Arcadia celebrated for its loveliness in the songs of the poets, even to the cicada,

chirping in the thicket. Nature, however, has intended it for other uses than for the mere feeding of flocks, for the low, round-topped mountains which surround it, are the store houses of the gods, rich in almost every mineral, from the prosaic iron and lead ores to jasper and silver. Iron predominates, giving to the rocks the red color of its ore, to the best known of the hills the name of Iron Mountain, and to the county which contains it the name of Iron County. Its wealth of iron is so great, that for this the valley has obtained its chief celebrity and has come to be looked on merely as a place of mines. That it is one of the most beautiful valleys in the world, is known only to a small number of those who have heard of it on account of its iron mines.

Some years since an enterprising hotel man happened to pass through it, and having an eye for the beautiful, he conceived at once the idea of transforming the beautiful into greenbacks. Since then Arcadia has come before the public as a summer resort, and it is probable that its classic name originated somehow during the process. A gradual reformation has been going on ever since, and Arcadia has been growing more classic with the days. The stream, which runs over a bottom of pebbles to join its waters with those of the St. Francois River, was changed from Stout's Creek to Arcadia River. The Arcadians who were there before the valley became Arcadia murmured and submitted, but the attempt to re-christen Buzzard Mountain into Mount Helicon was a signal failure. No one even deigned to take notice of it, and Buzzard Mountain remains Buzzard Mountain to this day. The natives of Arcadia are not æsthetic, but the returned tourist who has been so fortunate as to partake of buttermilk and spring chicken of their manufacture never complains of the absence of the "utter."

These same natives, if they were not alarmed, were at least surprised during the month of June in the present year of grace by the incursion into their midst of a body of men who came with numerous curious and diabolical looking instruments. The news spread rapidly and before nightfall scarcely any one in the whole valley but knew of the presence of the invaders, who took possession, and held it for a week, and the Arcadian who, during that time, followed with his fishing pole the meanderings of what, to him, is still Stout's Creek, though the outside world may call it Arcadia River as much as it please, was likely on turning a bend, to come at any time on some one of them, seated on a camp stool, making ferocious passes with a brush at a canvas before him. It became generally known at last, that their intentions were of a semi-peaceful nature, and they were treated with great hospitality, none the less hearty if one of them introduced himself as a member of the St. Louis Sketch Club. The artists spent in the valley a delightful week, and returned with their impressions of it made lasting on canvas. Their visit was alike memorable in the annals of the Valley and of the Sketch Club, if either the Valley or the Club happened to have any annals, which is not the case. There was scarcely one of the twenty members but found something in the scenery to



THE "SHUT-IN," ARCADIA.

PHOTOTYPIC FAC-SIMILE OF AN ORIGINAL PEN-AND-INK SKETCH,

BY FRED. LIPPELT.

gratify his taste for the beautiful. Their beer they carried with them from St. Louis, to the amount of a barrel and a keg; they were therefore happy. That no one may suspect the artists of drinking such a quantity, it becomes necessary

to state that by far the larger portion of it found its way into the interior of the gentlemanly colored *chef de cuisine* at the hotel, who had private access to the store room, and who during the whole of that memorable week was in a state of intoxication verging close on complete paralysis.

Through the valley, and over the sides of the neighboring mountains, the artists wandered, alone sometimes, sometimes in parties of three and four. The wheat was ripe in the fields, and the green shiny gloss on the leaves had not yet been dulled by the heat of July and August. The valley was at its loveliest. The Arcadia River was explored to its headwaters, a labor which was more than repaid by the discovery of a charmingly romantic spot, called the "Shut-In." The name gives a description in its two syllables which any one who has seen the

place, or who sees the picture of it, can not fail to appreciate. It is a picturesque gorge "shut in" by rocky hills called the "Shut-In Mountains." The little Arcadia River winds through it, murmuring over its bed of rocks, its waters a mirror in which are reflected narrow patches of sky and floating cloud between the overhanging branches of the oaks and pines, which grow along its banks.

On Shepherd's Mountain, half way up its side, they found, after much searching the "Indian Cave," which proved to be not much of a cave after all, as it only extends about twenty feet into the mountain. Those who wished to go far underground were gratified to the full later on when they visited Pilot Knob, which is honeycombed with tunnels from which the iron ore has been taken. During the

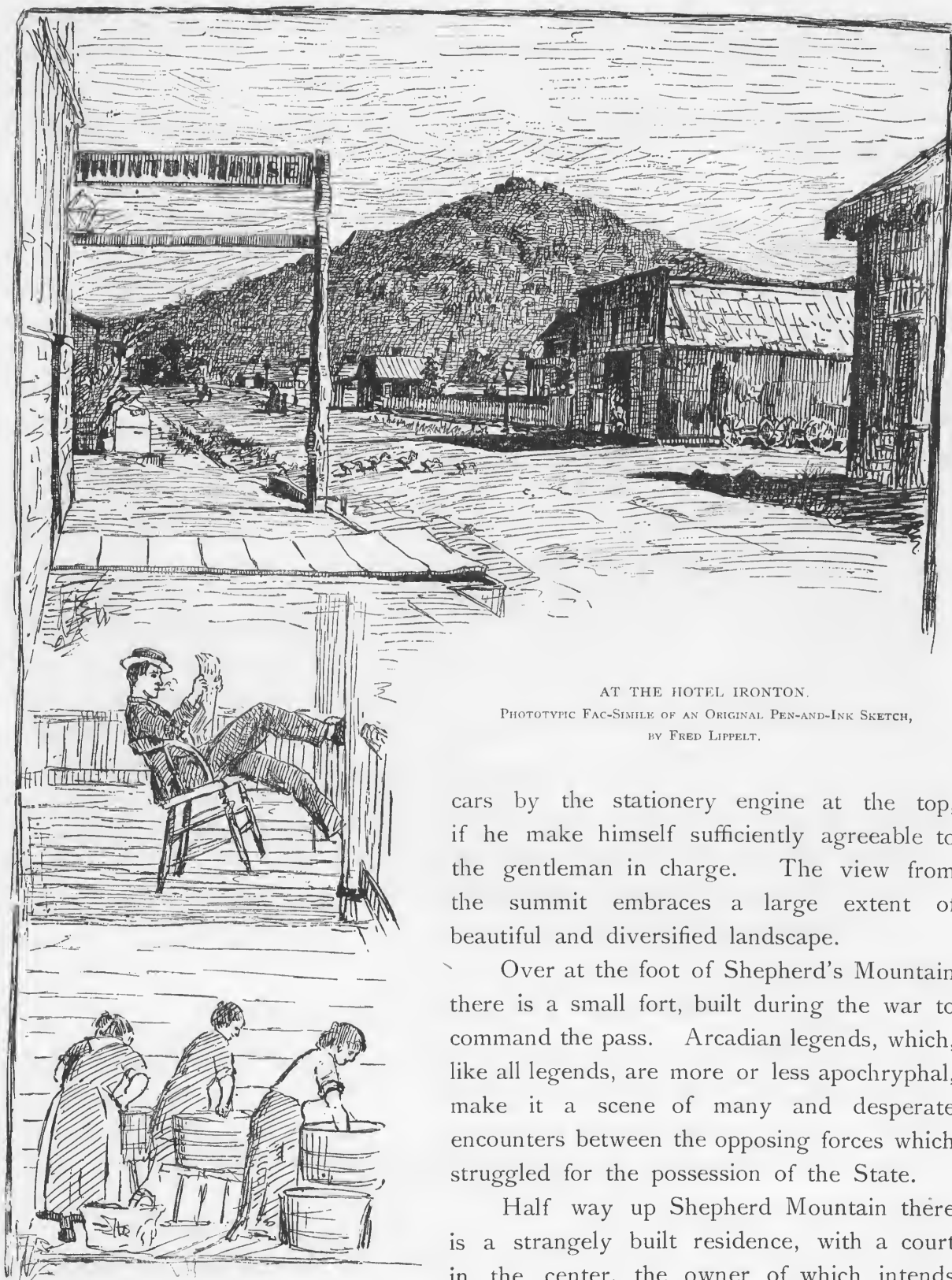


OLD MILL ON ARCADIA RIVER.

PHOTOTYPIC FAC-SIMILE OF AN ORIGINAL PEN-AND-INK SKETCH, BY J. M. BARNSELY

dark summer nights the electric light, which the mining company keeps burning near the summit, makes a beautiful sight when one sees it from the valley below. Pilot Knob and Shepherd's Mountain which stand close together, almost foot to foot, are two of the highest of the surrounding hills. To reach the top of the Knob requires just enough labor to get the climber completely out of breath, and this condition is rendered worse when at the top he is obliged to concede that the mountain is not high enough, or steep enough, to warrant him in complaining about it.

A track for the cars, used in the removal of ore, runs nearly to the summit, and he who does not care to climb, can get himself hauled up in one of the



AT THE HOTEL IRONTON.
 PHOTOTYPIC FAC-SIMILE OF AN ORIGINAL PEN-AND-INK SKETCH,
 BY FRED LIPPETT.

cars by the stationery engine at the top, if he make himself sufficiently agreeable to the gentleman in charge. The view from the summit embraces a large extent of beautiful and diversified landscape.

Over at the foot of Shepherd's Mountain there is a small fort, built during the war to command the pass. Arcadian legends, which, like all legends, are more or less apochryphal, make it a scene of many and desperate encounters between the opposing forces which struggled for the possession of the State.

Half way up Shepherd Mountain there is a strangely built residence, with a court in the center, the owner of which intends

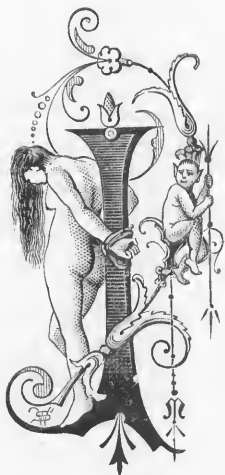
preserving in their native state of ruggedness the rocks and trees around his home. The natural park which will thus be formed, will be more charming than the most labored efforts of landscape gardening could make it.

There is in the valley on the Arcadia River an old mill, picturesque as nearly all mills in the country are, but the neighboring children wondered what the artist, whom they found sketching it, could see in it worth putting into a picture. Their wonder often found vent in words, and the members of the Club gradually grew accustomed to the query: "Say, Artist, what are ye doin?"

Of course they met with all sorts of adventures and misadventures, which even until now afford an occasional theme for conversation, but the most serious misfortune which happened to any one of them was a thorough wetting, experienced by an enthusiastic member who strayed three miles away from a house, searching for the picturesque in the face of a gathering thunder storm. Our artist, who was of the party, has immortalized him as he is "sketching under difficulties." As there are Arcadians and Arcadians, there are artists and artists, and the portfolios of the members, on their return, gave little evidence that all the sketches which they contained had for originals the same landscapes. The taste of one had led him to choose quiet bits of country scenery, harvest fields grown yellow in the sun, with a glimpse of wood and mountain in the background. Another had sketched in pencil what was almost a birds-eye view of the Valley, with other sketches of the mountains seen from various localities. The Arcadia River and its surroundings appears in many different ways. A gigantic elm which spreads its branches over its waters, will some day be recognized if any Arcadian should happen to see the picture which will contain it. A country cross road, with its wooden sign board, looking very much like a rude cross over some lonesome grave; a farmer's cottage; the back porch of "Ironton Hotel" with the bare armed laundress at work; the front porch of the same with a view of one of the many saloons which ornament the town; a bit of "worm" fence with sheep lying contentedly in the corners,—these and many other scenes like and unlike these were committed to the sketch books and portfolios, in some instances for future use and in some instances because they happened to strike the artist-fancy at the time as something odd and out of the common. A week was spent in the Valley and the annual excursion of the Sketch Club was over, but many of the members lingered longer, charmed by the beauties which they had discovered, collecting material enough for work throughout the winter.

W. V. BYARS.

LOCAL ART GOSSIP.



JULY was a hot month and August hotter. Even now, in September it is too tropical to write or think with comfort. Art, however, can hardly be said to be at a discount in St. Louis, for in spite of the hot weather and the absence of both art patrons and artists, there are abundant signs of work and active interest perceptible everywhere. As a matter of course, the principal interest remains centered round the Crow Museum in which the School of Fine Arts will henceforth be located. So much has been written about the building itself and its almost perfect interior decorations, that the public has become pretty well informed on the subject, and the more they visit and study the contents of the place, the more the benefit conferred by the munificent founder of the institution will be appreciated.

A curious little incident came under my notice, at the opening of the Art Galleries in the building last spring. Readers will remember that at the west end of the hall was hung a magnificent cattle piece by De Haas. While looking on this wonderful work a young couple, dressed in the height of fashion, passed by. The male society being seemed to have some appreciation of good artistic work and begged his fair companion to stop and look: "Oh! never mind that, I don't care for stock," was the reply. She pronounced it "stahk" with a curl of the lip that no combination of letters can put into print. The incident is sufficient to show how woefully some of the so-called "best people" of St. Louis stand in need of the cultivation this museum is designed to supply.

Howard Kretschmar recently completed on commission for Mr. Henry Shaw, a portrait bust of Linnæus which has been placed over the entrance to the new horticultural hall in Shaw's Garden. The bust is in marble and is admirable both as to portraiture and artistic merit. Mr. Kretschmar is now at work modeling some lions' heads of great size. The marble for the bust of Hon. Thomas Allen has arrived and work will be commenced on that at once.

John M. Tracy, the landscape and cattle painter, has had a dreary summer of illness, from which he is slowly recovering.





Speaking of the St. Louis School of Fine Arts, I am necessarily reminded of the exhibition of the works of the students last May, and while nothing but admiration can be expressed of the great strides made in art cultivation under the earnest and thorough discipline of the school, I can not believe that the managers, in their fidelity to a principle, did not in some degree overstep the limits of true artistic taste in the character of some of the drawings exhibited.

Rebellion—a just and noble rebellion—against the vulgarities of conventionalism, is apt, in some cases, to go a little too far. Rebellion against king-craft in the last century led to disgraceful excesses that required all the excuse of ages of wrong—not to justify, but to palliate them. So in the art world. The hideous depravity which finds material for detraction in the exhibition of nude figures, either in sculpture or painting, has a tendency to create a reaction in an opposite direction which may lead into extremes calculated to excite disgust. To the truly cultivated mind, in a great work of art, whether nude or draped, only the art is perceptible. But this does not apply to crude studies by mere dwellers on the threshold of art. Work by such unformed minds and 'prentice hands has the defect that the nudity stands forth as the principal point in the exhibition, and this, by itself, can not fail of being distasteful to the most cultivated.

It must not be understood that I mean, in saying this much, to add a word to the discouragement of true art study. The nobility of art work is greatly above any such idle carping. Students, to become artists, *must study* from the nude and master every line and sinuosity of the frame they would depict. Moreover, their studies, to be useful, must be exhibited and compared with each other and with the greater models; but I think more harm than good to the cause of art will be done by the continued exhibition of immature work and rude dashes at art study among mixed assemblages like that which thronged the art galleries in May. What is simply Art Gospel in the Hermes or in Lefebvre's Cigale, becomes disagreeable in the crude drawing of a twelve month student.

I had the pleasure recently of inspecting the plans of a new art gallery now being erected as a western annex to the mansion of Mr. J. G. Chapman, 1714 Lucas Place. The architect, Mr. Henry G. Isaacs, took considerable pains to explain the details at my request, and it is owing to his courtesy that I am enabled to give the readers of ART AND MUSIC an idea of what promises to be one of the most admirably constructed buildings of the kind in the West.

The gallery, to begin with, is designed with an idea entirely differing from that with which most similar buildings have been constructed in America. Instead of being a mere room of state for the reception, hanging and exhibition of paintings among its owner's friends, this gallery is intended to be a home-like reception room—though of somewhat vaster dimensions than reception rooms usually have. The main hall is to be 29 feet in length by 18 feet 6 inches in width. On the west side, in the center, will be a fire hearth of enameled brick set in a magnificent carved

wooden mantelpiece. On each side of the mantelpiece are arches leading into an embayment lighted by three mullioned windows of stained glass, five mullions in the western window, and one each in those looking to the north and south. The floors will be polished oak; the walls wainscoted up to the height of four feet three inches with polished yellow wood, and the ceilings, except for the glass skylight in the picture hall, will be beams of moulded wood of similar color. The whole is intended to make a room where the members of the family and their guests can enjoy the beauties of art in the midst of perfect luxury and comfort.

In Italy, where the great picture collections in the palazzi of the nobles are opened for public exhibition for certain hours of the day, at the close of the public hours the galleries are taken possession of anew by the family. The places are swept out and cleared, the tables spread, and the dinner and subsequent evening enjoyment are had amidst all the glories of ages of collected art. A little more of this familiarizing the family with art expressions would be of use here; and Mr. Chapman has, in this respect, commenced a most valuable innovation.

A brief tour made among the studios of St. Louis was rather barren of results, if I except Meeker and one or two others. Mr. Meeker has just completed, on commission for a leading New York railroad man, one of his famous swamp pictures, the scene being laid in the neighborhood of Lake Catahoula. The painting is unusually forceful and in composition is admirably balanced. Among other works completed, or nearly so, are some of the results of a recent visit to Arcadia, the beautiful valley so well described in this number of the magazine. One little gem is a "Sheep Pasture," the light green of the foreground dotted with sheep being backed by purple hills and a blue white-flecked sky in charming perspective. "The Morning Walk" is another refreshing work; a lady treading leisurely under the umbrage of tall trees while in the distance and beyond some low foliage, is seen a lake reflecting the blue and white of the sky and clouds. "Arcadia Valley," a much larger canvas, is not yet complete but enough has been done to give an idea of the coming beauties of the work.

Mr. Lowry, whose studio is now in the building on the south-east corner of Fifth and Olive streets, has been doing some excellent portrait work, notably a very fine likeness of Mr. Samuel Virden. This artist has made great progress during the last year or two and he is a most deserving gentleman.

Mr. E. J. Biddle has nearly completed a portrait of Hon. Alexander Martin, the well known lawyer. He has also been commissioned to paint a portrait of a young lady of exceeding beauty and well known as one of the leaders in St. Louis society. The name of the young lady is withheld for the reason that the portrait is destined to be a surprise to someone.

Mr. Charles P. Stewart, a portrait painter from Memphis, who came to St. Louis a few months ago, returned to his southern home last week carrying with him the regrets of numerous friends he had made here during his brief residence.

The catalogue of the Art Exhibition at the Fair this year will be something unusually handsome, something commensurate with the quality of the exhibition, which is expected to surpass even that of last year. I have seen some of the engravings with which the catalogue will be illustrated, and, by the courtesy of the managers of Art Hall, am enabled to present two of them to the readers of ART AND MUSIC.



THE COMING STORM.
BY SANGUINETTI—SKETCH BY ARTIST.

"The Coming Storm" by Sanguinetti is a most spirited performance, the expression and action of the startled horses being wonderfully executed. I saw the painting when in New York last spring and, though the phototype is excellently done, it fails to give more than a faint idea of the strength and beauty of the original. In fine contrast to this is Peter Moran's "Meadows in Midsummer," the sketch of which is by Powell, one of Mr. Moran's students, the air of peace and perfectly contented repose being admirably brought out. This idea of illustrating catalogues has grown rapidly within the last few years and assuredly deserves encouragement.

Many readers of ART AND MUSIC will remember having read descriptions of a painting by Eichbaum entitled "Pickwick." In this the artist has depicted Dickens' genial old gentleman at the moment when he is asking Sam Weller's opinion on his parent's doctrines concerning "widders," and Sam replies saying that he thinks the old gentleman is the "the victim of connubiality." This picture was exhibited at

the Academy in New York, where, in spite of the most shameful treatment as to hanging, it attracted marked attention. Last week it was purchased for a good round figure by Mr. Joseph Franklin, of Wm. Barr & Co., who has acquired a real treasure. An effort will be made to get Mr. Franklin's permission to exhibit it at the Fair.



MEADOWS IN MIDSUMMER.

BY PETER MORAN.—SKETCH BY H. POWELL.

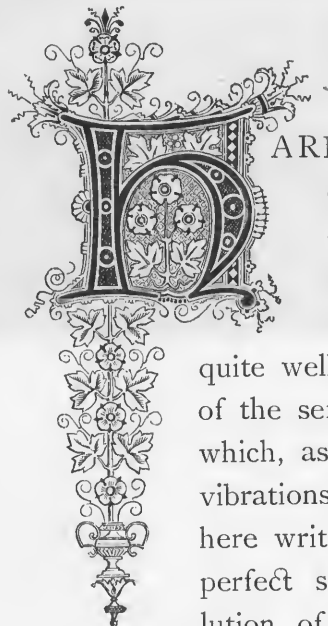
The readers of ART AND MUSIC cannot fail to have their attention attracted by the excellent sketches in this number, of Arcadian scenery by Mr. Fred Lippelt and Mr. J. M. Barnsley. Mr. Chas. Holloway has taken a studio next to Mr. Meeker, in the Singer Building, Fifth and Locust streets, where he will devote his entire attention to figure painting and drawing, in which branch of art he has made such marked progress.

Mr. Paul Harney, who is in Illinois now on a brief visit, has spent his summer hard at work teaching and painting. Professor Ives writes from Toledo, Spain, that he expects to be home about the end of September. The Graphic Club held its first meeting for the season on September 7th. The Sketch Club will hold its first meeting the first Wednesday in October.

W. L. Marple came to town for a flying visit a few days ago. He has spent the entire summer sketching in and around the neighborhood of Arcadia Valley and seems to be eminently satisfied with his work. A few of his principal paintings will be exhibited at the coming Fair, and so ends this first chapter of gossip. G. M.

HARMONIC RESOLUTION.

THE FIRST STEP TOWARD A PERFECT SCIENCE OF HARMONY.



HARMONIC sounds, and in and with them an immutable order of determinate harmonic affinities, being given, a perfect science of harmony ought to result. So the writer reasoned nearly forty years ago. The answer was that it remained to discover the first step, the resolution of the harmonic sounds. It was quite well known that the harmonic sounds, from the first to the seventh of the series, inclusive, together form a chord; a chord which, as composed of the seven first of the harmonic vibrations arising from C below the bass staff, is that here written at A. The first step, then, toward a perfect science of harmony, was to discover the resolution of this harmonic chord; that is, to ascertain by what progression of its constituent elements its key is determined.

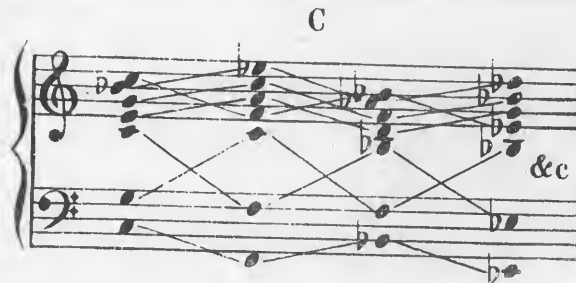


Generally speaking, however, musicians understand the term, resolution, as signifying the passing of a dissonance, or of a chord that contains a dissonance, into a chord wherein that dissonance is dissolved and merged. But they sometimes speak of the resolution of a single note (as of the root of a chord) into its fundamental bass. It is often said, and it is indeed an admitted truth of physical science, that the harmonic resolution of any given note, is into its perfect fifth below. Yet if this were absolutely true, as expressed, the resolution of the harmonic chord should obviously be as here traced, at B, by the lines leading from its notes to those of the following chord. But no practical musician, no composer or writer of music, could accept this result as true in fact, however logical a consequence it might be of what was admitted to be true in physical science.

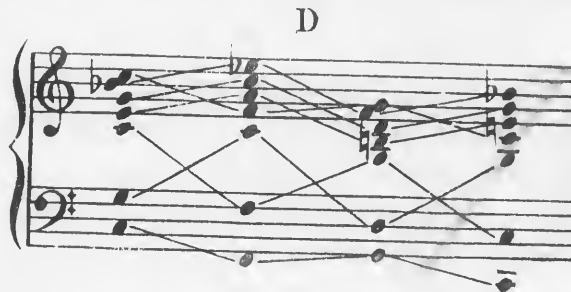


Ages ago the region of Accoustics had been explored and re-explored; and strange to say, the true principle of harmonic resolution, and, consequently, its operation in determining the key, remained unknown till even so late as 1867; when the present writer essayed to unveil it in a pamphlet entitled *Harmonometry*. He then had long been a voyager in search of that principle, and had, he thought, reflected on all the conceivable relations of the cause of the difference in harmonic vibrations, to that difference as developed to perception in the various degrees of harmonic affinity. Through physics and metaphysics alike he had wandered till at

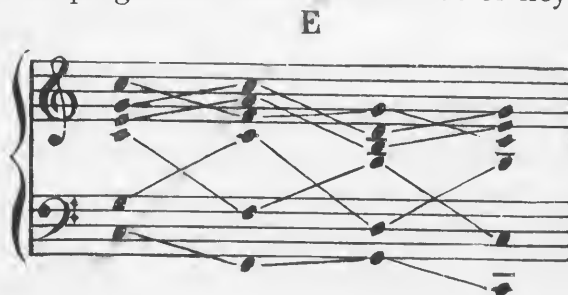
length it had dawned on his mind that the sought-for principle, however imperfectly conceived it might remain, required not only that every element of the harmonic chord should resolve into its own immediate harmonic root or into the octave of that root, but also that the fundamental bass of the chord with the octaves of that bass on the one hand, and the elements differing from that bass in their harmonic affinities, on the other, should resolve into their harmonic roots by opposite, contrary and contra alternating movements; precisely as here indicated, at C, by the lines leading from the notes respectively to those into which they resolve. It was evident to the writer, whatever the practical musician might urge, that this was harmonic evolution reversed and consequently harmonic resolution.



The principle involved appeared (in a scientific light) to be simply identical with that of a composite vibration, as a contra alternating harmonic movement or progression of constituent elements, to and fro, developing in variety and so evolving harmonic differences and affinities. As the principle of such contra alternating movement or progression, it involved the law of harmonic progression as determinative of key or pitch-relationship; in accordance with which law, as the writer conceived it, there should be in evolution and resolution alike, a corresponding contra alternating progression of the constituent elements of the harmonic chord, as to and from those harmonies related in the nearest degree of harmonic affinity. As determinative of the key, therefore, the progression of the harmonic chord should be, first (by way of expansion and resolution), into its parent-harmony, the harmony of its fifth below (as in the first step at C); next (by way of contraction into and evolution out of its own evolved fifth), into the harmony of which it is itself the parent, the harmony of its fifth above; and, finally (by way of expansion and resolution), into its expanded self—as being thus in and by its own contra alternating progression, determined into a relatively determinate key or pitch of rest, as here at D (there being, as every one knows, no such thing as absolute key or pitch).



The progression of the sixth harmonic (B flat in the above examples), is essentially one of musical unrest, of which more will be said in another place. It will be sufficient here to observe that it opposes and partially prevents that harmonic peace or repose which is the grand object of the progression as determinative of key, and that it is, therefore, to be suppressed, and the fundamental harmonic progression given as here at E.

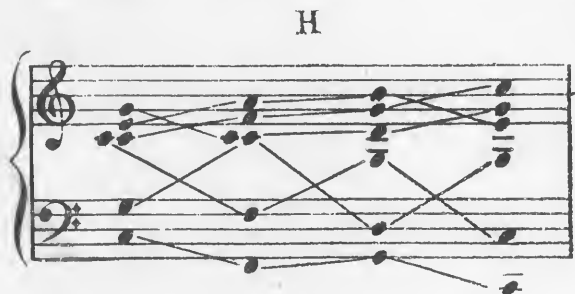


Because pitch is always and necessarily relative, however, the closing progressions of the fourth and seventh harmonics (E and C), may be inverted and given as at F. Or the progression of the lower interval

of the chord of the tonic, as it now may be called, that is (in the examples), the lower progression, C—G into F—C, and F—C into G—D, and G—D into C—G, as shown by the lines tracing the progression, may be given as in unison with the same progression an octave higher, and the entire progression, at E or at F, stand as so in form reduced to four parts.

Because pitch is relative and not absolute, and therefore, because the progressions of parts which are in octaves may be in unison, and the progressions of other than fundamentally basic parts, may, in some cases, move an octave higher or lower than their true harmonic pitches respectively as determined by the fundamental harmonic progression at E, the parts may be presented as here at G.

It is quite evident, however, that any fundamental departure from the principle of contra alternating movements or vibrations, must of necessity, in the same



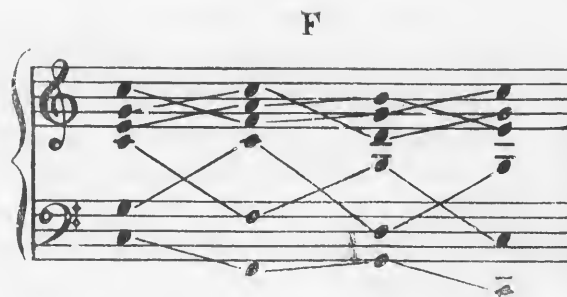
degree of such departure, impair the harmony of the parts, and that, therefore, the progressions of the parts cannot be wholly as here at H.

Thus much for the first step toward a perfect science of harmony. The second step may be taken in time; and, as preliminary thereto, it may now be proper to

briefly notice the conditions essential to harmonic sound.

Three conditions are necessary to a musical sound: a vibrating body, a medium to conduct its vibrations, and an ear to hear them. "The phases of the sonorous vibrations are appropriately called undulations or waves; they are communicated to the body transmitting the sound by one or more impulses from the sonorous body, and are transmitted by alternate compressions and expansions of the parts." (Am. Cyclop. V. I., p. 69). The pitch is determined by the velocity of the vibrations. But, whatever the pitch, a musical sound divides and sub-divides itself in accordance with certain ratios, termed harmonic, and the harmonic series, the seven first of which compose the harmonic chord, is the result of such its self-division. The sound-waves are communicated to the sound-conducting body or medium, and carried by it to the ear. Being carried to the ear, they cause sympathetic vibrations within that organ, correspondent ringings of the so-called cords or rods of Corti, which may be described as the harp-strings of the ear, and whose vibrations correspondingly affect the musical mind.

The so-called cords or rods of Corti, "existing in the *ductus cochlearis* of the inner ear," are of various lengths and diameters, like the strings of a harp, and "appear to be tuned to 3,000 simple notes, equally distributed throughout the range



of the seven octaves of musical sound." (Id. V. VIII., p. 407). They are affected by the sound-waves from without, as are the strings of an Æolian harp by the surrounding movements or currents of the air.

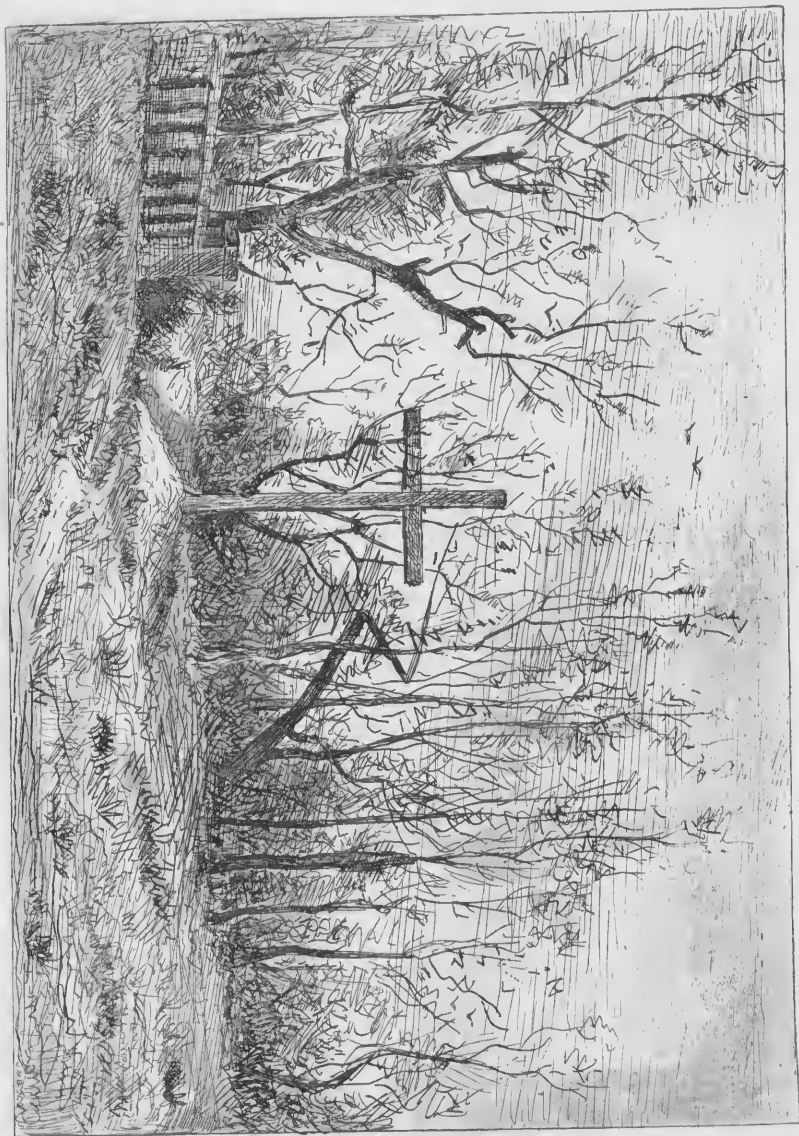
Thus the ear is not simply an unconscious mechanism. It is the original and the grandest of all musical instruments—a living Æolian harp of 3,000 strings, and sound, as it exists in the ear, is living sound, living and contra alternating vibration, in which all shades of feeling and emotion are presented. The real musician's ear is always a grand opera "in full blast;" his mind, a living orchestra, a living world of harmony, intuitively and eternally weaving the discords of life into a melody of the heart. Closing the outer doors of his ear, he hears all the parts of the music he is composing (as though in a dream), undisturbed by sounds from without. He composes and writes his music just as the man of business composes and writes his thoughts; the only difference being the difference between thought as musical feeling and thought as knowledge of fact.

In all the conditions necessary to musical sound—in the vibrating body, in the sound-conducting medium, and in the sound-hearing organ—it thus appears that the principle common to all of them alike, is that of vibration as a contra alternating movement or progression of evolved elements, and that in the musical ear, the principle of harmonic vibration, or of contra alternating progression, is a living and self-conscious principle, which may be evolved of the universal principle of harmony that pervades all life. It seems possible indeed that the highest of scientific truths was expressed by the immortal poet Dryden, in his "First Ode for St. Cecilia's Day."—

"From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began;
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran
The diapason closing full in MAN."

W. O. BATEMAN.







THOUGHT IN MUSIC.



THE ART of music is becoming cultivated in this country to an extent that must eventually exercise an important influence upon the character of its people. In the meanwhile, our literature of music, or rather upon music, is so comparatively insignificant, that it may well be pardoned, if, even in the form of mere sketches, those who have the advancement of musical knowledge and culture at heart, occasionally endeavor to make clear to the understanding, its peculiar sphere and scope.

Above all other questions regarding music we constantly hear repeated: What does this piece of music express? Now, it should be clear to all that this question is utterly inadmissible if it presupposes the answer to be given in words. The only legitimate answer to it would be to play the piece of music to the questioner, and then tell him: "What you now feel is the meaning of this piece of music." It is true, he may reply: "I have no definite feeling; I do not realize the effect of the music; it seems to me merely a mass of confused sounds." But to this you answer: "Then, if you really have a desire to know what this piece of music expresses, begin to study music: make your feelings easily susceptible to the flow of melody, the modulations in harmony and the variations of a theme. Learn to trace the fundamental theme throughout all its varied forms; to distinguish between it and another possible assistant theme. In short, endeavor to gain that complete command over the world of sound which enables a cultivated musician to seize at the first hearing the so-called "meaning" of a piece of music, which, to less cultivated ears, seems merely a confused mass of sounds.

There is no other way of getting at the meaning of music, and if there were, the whole art of music would be superfluous. It is just as impossible to express in words what sweetness, bitterness, perfume of roses, anger, love or affection signify. Not everyone has the power to become impressed at the first trial by the taste of sweetness, or the scent of roses, or the feelings of love; and there is no way possible of making him impressible thereby, other than by cultivating his sensibilities. It may take a coarse-natured man many years to learn to distinguish accurately between scents, or to become sensible to the various tastes in a French dish; or, if these similes should seem objectionable, though they are altogether appropriate, to distinguish between the feeling of awe which a temple, for instance, inspires, and the feeling of fear at the commencement of a battle.

It is this very power of distinguishing between feelings—not mere susceptibility to music,—but power to reproduce the feelings created, and in reproducing to distinguish them, upon which true “understanding” of music is based. The great trouble is that such words as “understanding” or “meaning” have been applied, when speaking of music, without remembering that an understanding through the intellect is out of the question, except so far as the *art form* is concerned.

Hence, a person listening to music for the first time, is like a man who has been deaf and suddenly is rendered capable of hearing. All the sounds seem a confused mass. He cannot reproduce them as yet, has not got control over his senses sufficiently. Gradually he obtains this control, and can reproduce—hum internally—a phrase of a melody, perhaps a whole song. As he hears more music he grows more and more familiar with the manner of movements in music, becomes capable of hearing both the melody and harmony of adornments, and if he, moreover, learn the rules of composition, he becomes capable of appreciating the exquisite skill displayed by the composer in elaborating his musical “thought,” to make use again of a very imperfect expression,—for a musical thought is *music* and nothing else, and cannot be translated into words; consisting, as it does, merely of tones moving in peculiar rhythm to peculiar heights or depths. When the student has so far advanced that he has the power thus to reproduce immediately, even in the most complicated piece of music, the true order of sounds, as internally heard by the composer of that piece when composing it, then he can be said to “understand” music; just as we say a man has understood an author, when, in reading his works he can reproduce the order of thoughts as they occurred to the writer.

The knowledge of the fact that music can arouse emotions only in a most general way, led composers at an early time to confine the characterization of their works to such very indefinite superscriptions as *allegro*, *andante*, *presto*, etc. All attempts to be more definite have proved comparative failures. Indeed, Beethoven, who attempted it with his sonatas, gave up the task as a hopeless and needless one, “for those who cannot understand music by itself, can understand it no better for my explanation.” The case of the sonata “Les Adieux” is the same as that of the Pastoral Symphony, and belongs, indeed, together with Liszt’s Symphonic Poems and similar works, to the class of compositions that are accompanied by words; that is, that are not works of pure music, but compositions created with a view to musically accompanying certain written poems, dramas, or sketches, and which cannot be understood except with the aid of those writings. But speaking generally, I understand a work of pure music as such, when, and when only, with the peculiar emotion which the first theme awakens I perceive all the other emotions that are aroused by the subsequent developments of that theme and its manifold counterthemes, etc., connected in a psychologically natural manner.

The composer had a feeling which manifested itself to him as a musician in the form of a musical theme. This feeling he musically grasped, and placing it under the

supervising rules of his art, caused it to develop itself in its original psychological form. Inasmuch as he surrendered himself absolutely to his feeling with all its varied accompanying shades, and kept reflection or thinking from destroying its continuity, the same development of that feeling must occur in the hearer of its musical expression: always provided that the listener has cultivated his hearing powers. Perhaps at first he is capable only of distinguishing between two kinds of musical feeling, those that are awakened by the quickness or slowness of the *rhythm* of music, *allegro* and *andante*, to which the feelings excited by the jubilant and solemn *tones* of music have some correspondence. But as he begins to cultivate his ear and listen to his emotions he will learn to distinguish the peculiar character or musical nature of many feelings. But these expressions will be expressions only of emotions and not of thoughts; and however accurately a composer may express all the emotions excited by the play of *Hamlet*, for instance, he will be powerless to express a single one of its thoughts, or even the thought of the whole.

Is there then no thought at all in music? The question is somewhat absurd when asked as if implying, that thinking is eminently exalted over feeling, and our senses wretchedly inferior to our intellect. Nevertheless, that question has an answer. Yes, there is thought in music; but its name is *counterpoint*. This is, strictly speaking, the real "pure thought" in music, and of this "pure thought" there is enough in music to satisfy the most enthusiastic devotee of thought. To understand it, and in this, not metaphorical sense of the word, to follow the "thought" of a composition, there must be added to the first mentioned culture of the feelings, a thorough knowledge of the art of music; such a knowledge as will enable one to trace out the whole thematic unfolding of a piece from its fundamental theme.

The study of this "thought" is noble, instructive, invigorating; and art criticism based upon it can only be just and furthering. But an art criticism which, in the cheapest of all ways, obstructs culture by putting forth on all critical occasions a series of commonplace or irrelevant phrases, is as disgusting as it is always pretentious.

A. E. KROEGER.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

Part Singing is beginning to be more appreciated and recognized. A Duett, Trio or Quartette *well* rendered will always delight a promiscuous audience.

The Beethoven Conservatory is in a flourishing condition, a success that is well deserved. Mr. Waldauer, the director is a faithful worker and a musician of long and well tried experience.

Church *choirs* try to sing good music, but in most cases they fail! Why? They know no better, nor have they a competent director that will aid them.

The St. Louis Orchestra has been doing good work during the summer. Mr. L. Mayer, the director is indefatigable in bringing out novelties.

The rivalry of church committees still goes on, and good voices, (not good singers) reap the benefit.

The first concert of the New Orchestral Society will be given about the middle of November.

The love of art is either a gift or it is acquired. As a gift it needs some guiding hands to bring it to good results, but if acquired it takes research, much study, trouble, perseverance advice of others (probably not reliable) hence judgement has to be used before final decisions are made.

Prof. North returns with stores of knowledge from the old country. Amongst other attractions he had the good fortune of hearing Sims Reeves in Oratorio and also studied composition with MacFarren, the great English madrigal composer.

How few amateurs know the distinction between a mere singer or player and an *artist*.

Prof. R. Bondi is quite successful with his two pupil system of teaching. He is an accomplished gentleman that speaks several languages, an advantage that will be readily appreciated by those not acquainted with the French, Italian or German languages.

Prof. E. M. Bowman and his estimable lady have just returned from Europe, having had a most delightful trip. The Professor is a boon companion that knows how to travel, making friends wherever he goes. He is a good observant student that will make his mark yet as a thorough organist and besides he has the faculty of understanding human nature.

How few organists, choir directors, sopranos or tenors to whom high salaries are paid do ever think of reading beforehand the words of a hymn or psalm? The reply would be we are not *paid* for this.

A good story is told of a teacher that was asked what transposing meant? Why my dear child that is quite simple. When three flats or two sharps is the signature, all you have to do is to scratch out the sharps or flats.

While music gives great pleasure to the masses when understandingly rendered, yet how dull it falls upon the ears when *noise* predominates.

Miss Branson returned from the East refreshed in voice and health.

Miss Dana Dunn, our handsome pianist, has returned to the city and will resume her former position.

The Excelsior Male Quartette is composed of pleasant and congenial gentlemen.

Music as an art is stupid, says the general public. Yet when artists like Campanini, Salvi, Nillson, Patti, Ole Bull, Wicchanowsky, Vieuxtemps, Rubinstein, Bülow, Thalborg, De Meyer and others appear, that same public will exclaim, "he or she is the best artist I ever heard."

Our city abounds in good material of Teachers, both vocal and instrumental. We enumerate a few: Vocal, Mrs. Brainard, who has had the advantage of Madame Viardot—Garcia's and Sainton-Dolby's advice; Signora Coramano—Miss Sobolewsky; J. M. North, the faithful teacher; E. Buck, the famous baritone; and Mat Ballman who has just returned from Vienna, after four years absence, bringing back lots of good ideas.

In instrumental music we have: E. Fröhlich, L. Hammerstein, Charles and Fritz Schillinger, F. Bausemer and others equally as prominent whose names will appear hereafter.

Miss Priest will make New York her future home. Her talents and hard work were not appreciated in St. Louis.

The new Ochestra Society—no name yet given—makes great promises. The managers are wide awake gentlemen, and no doubt they will make it a success. Negotiations with a prominent singer are in progress for the first concert.

The St. Louis Choral Society will give its first concert in November with a complete orchestra and with a chorus of one hundred voices. The rehearsals are on every Thursday evening, at hall No. 1306 Olive street. Mr. Joseph Otten, Director.

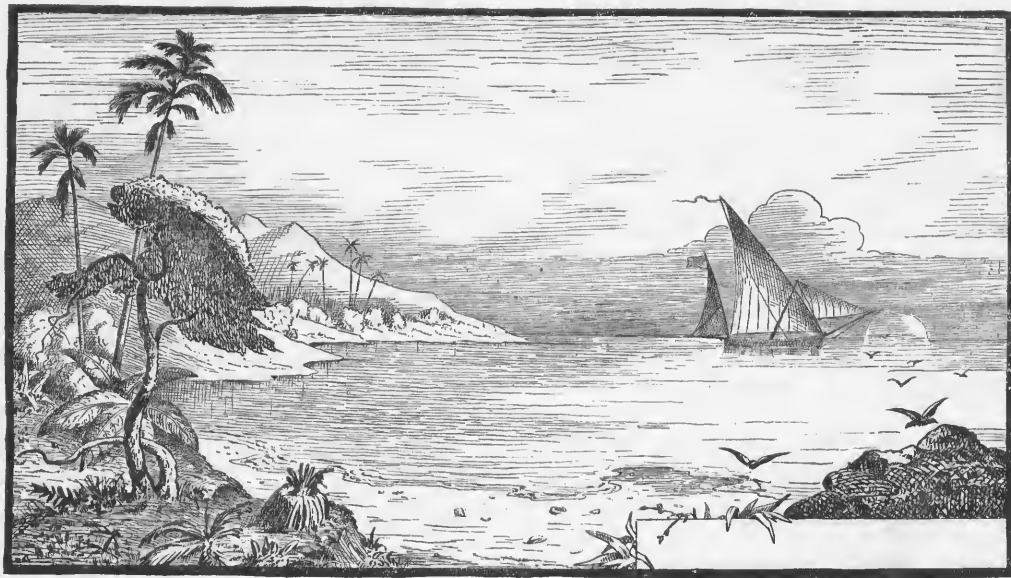
The order of Chosen Friends, Benton Commandery No. 5, will have a grand entertainment at their hall, southwest corner of Seventh and Olive streets, every first Tuesday in each month.

The St. Louis Commandery No. 2, Chosen Friends, gives a grand entertainment the first Friday of every month, at their hall, northwest corner of Jefferson and Lucas avenues.

Professor Spierings son, only ten years old, is a real prodigy on the violin. He plays with ease and taste the most difficult compositions.

The attention of musicians especially is invited to the article entitled "Harmonic Resolution—the first step toward a perfect science of Harmony." The second step will appear in our next ensuing number.

FAIRFAX.



(PHOTOTYPIC FAC-SIMILE OF AN ORIGINAL PEN-AND-INK-SCETCH BY MAT, HASTINGS.)

A PICTURE.

WORDS BY
B. JORDAN.

(SONG FOR SOPRANO-VOICE.)

MUSIC BY
ERNEST R. KROEGER.

Largo.

VOICE. *Tranquillo.* There

PIANO. *p*

is a land be-side a sea, Whose 'wa-ters mur'mring' cease-less-ly,

p

Copyright 1881, by H. A. ROTHERMEL.

Are nev - - er toss'd with roar - - ing winds, Like

mf *pp* *mf*

swift si-moons that vex the Inds; But zeph - yrs cool from cool - er re-gions,

pp *rinf.*

Allegretto.

Sigh for the leaves like cooing pi - - - - geons.

rit - - - *en* - - *uto.*

grazioso

Pure flee - cy clouds, all white..... as snow

f

Re - - flect the sky, and soft - - - ly go. Up

f

looms a sail..... from out the deep!.... It

poco *a* *poco*

goes and still..... the spir - - - it sleep.

ff

Rests on the sea. Rests on the sea. Rests..... on the sea. The waning

Largo. *rall.* *f* *p* *pp* *p*

moon Through hazy mists sails dreamily Adown the sky, until, too soon, She slumbers in the bil - lows, heaving

sf *p* *dim. e ritard.*

list - less - ly.

Tranquillo. *a tempo* *rit.*

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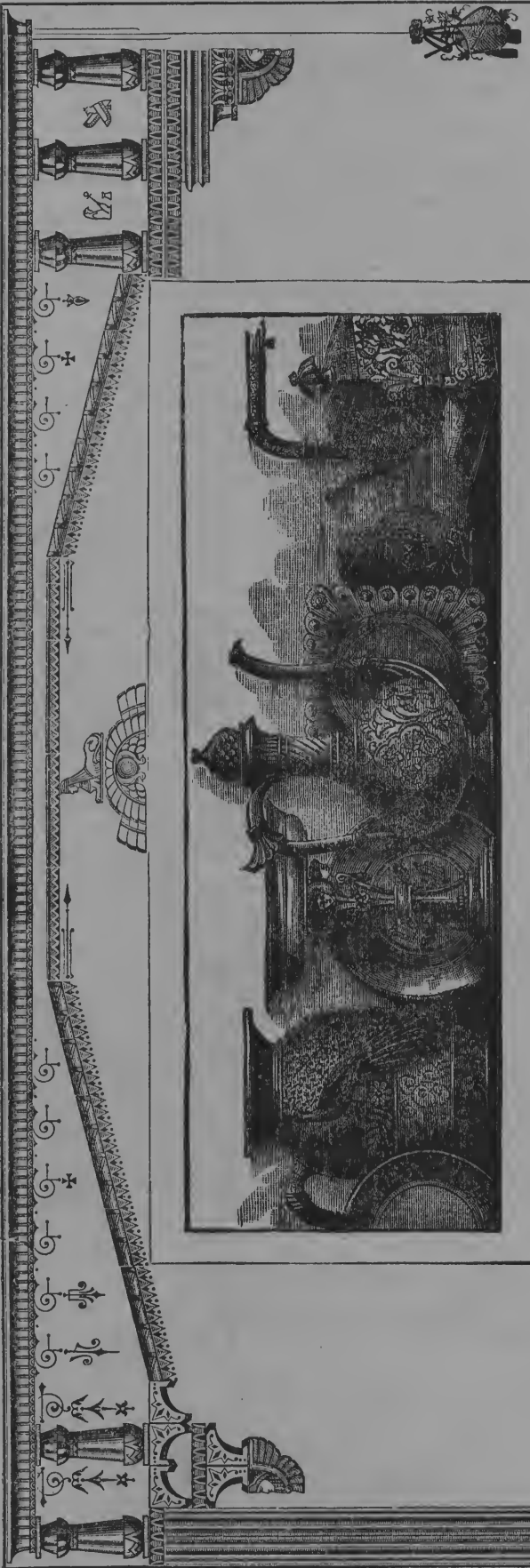
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